

Calm Waters

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Calm Waters

by [Anna_Jay](#)

Summary

Hannibal takes in a malnourished merman as his new pet and sets out to help him recover.

Notes

Next up in the monster challenge is Mermaids (or in this case Merman).

12983298 has translated this in Chinese! <http://www.movietvslash.com/thread-178217-1-1.html> go check it out!

- Translation into 中文-普通话 國語 available: [平静水域 \(Calm Waters\)](#) by [12983298](#)

Chapter 1

The merman was in worse condition than Hannibal had expected. His gills were inflamed and looked ready to burst, his skin was ashen, and his ribs were practically emerging from his skin. Upon closer inspection, Hannibal noted that the abnormally pale blue tail was missing a few scales, due to malnourishment or transportation was up to question. Even the water he was transported in was murky and the smell made his nose burn.

However, Hannibal knew what he was getting himself into as he instructed the movers to put the unconscious merman near the large, extravagant tank. He declined when they offered to put the creature in the tank.

Alone with his new pet, Hannibal took off his suit jacket and rolled his sleeves up. He lowered his arm into the merman's crate and noted the temperature. He would have to be careful when he introduced him to his new home. While the cooler waters of the tank would benefit the poor creature, the drastic change could send the fragile merman into shock and subsequently kill him.

Hannibal removed his arm and grabbed two towels he had placed earlier before dipping them into the cooler tank. Gently, he lifted the merman out of the transport box and he watched in fascination as the infected gills closed up. It caused the merman to swallow, his throat clicking and he whined in pain. Hannibal gently soothed him as he wrapped the merman's upper torso and tail. He then took up position on the floor with the merman's head nestled in his lap. He could feel the damp towel seeping into his pants, but he ignored it. This was more important.

He had first heard about the merman through a colleague.

"Uncontrollable." The man had scorned one evening at a party. "The beast tries to bite at anyone who tries to feed it and bashes at the glass when anyone comes close. I heard it almost took off someone's finger a week ago. Honestly I don't know why Mr. Crawford has such a creature."

"Status, most likely." Hannibal supplied, ignoring the irritation he felt at the thought of Jack Crawford having such a rare creature before him. Hannibal was already in the process of building a tank, an extravagant one that took up nearly the entirety of the spare living room and required him to attach an equally magnificent stair and balcony in order for him to reach the top. Besides a status boost, having a merman would make it easier to hide his... Hobby.

"It is a shame he couldn't tame it," his colleague continued. "It was a beautiful creature."

"Was?"

"Yes, didn't you hear? Because Mr. Crawford cannot control the creature he's decided it best to destroy it."

Hannibal paused from taking a drink. "Destroy it?" He repeated.

“Yes. It refuses to eat and won’t let anyone near it. It would only be humane.”

Hannibal nodded, taking a sip as he thought. “Does he have a date set on its destruction?” Hannibal asked calmly.

“I’m not sure, but he thought the sooner the better.”

Hannibal made the call that evening and arranged for the merman to be brought to his estate. Since Mr. Crawford lived in another town and Hannibal worked a tight schedule, they arranged for the merman to be delivered by the end of the month. It gave Hannibal plenty of time to make arrangements with his patients and finish the merman’s new home.

Now with the merman in his arms, Hannibal almost wished he had acquired him sooner. He smoothed damp curls away from his face. The merman briefly leaned into the touch. The poor creature’s breath rattled with every inhale, one taloned hand reaching up to scratch at his swollen throat. Hannibal gently grabbed the hand and tucked it back under the towel. He waited a few more minutes before picking him up and ascended the stairs, before he lowered him onto the shallow ledge of the tank.

The merman froze and his eyes shot open. Hannibal only had a moment to notice how blue the merman’s eyes were before, with a powerful thrash, the creature broke out of his grasp and into the deepest part of the tank. Hannibal watched as the towels floated aimlessly in the water before he stood. He would get them later. He walked down stairs and around the front of the tank. The merman was nowhere to be seen. Probably hiding in one of the caves Hannibal had designed for him.

Hannibal watched for a few more moments before turning. He had supper to prepare.

The merman was still in hiding when Hannibal returned, but he wasn’t worried. While the creature’s appearance looked horrendous, Hannibal had high hopes that he would make a full recovery. He just had to be patient and what kind of hunter of man would he be if he wasn’t patient?

Hannibal stood on the balcony, holding a plate of the chopped liver and heart of a rather rude clerk. There was still no movement in the water or signs of the merman. He then held down the pieces of raw organs and tipped the plate just slightly. Drops of blood stained the clear water before quickly disbursing.

He wouldn’t say the reaction was instantaneous, but the merman was quick to come and investigate. Hannibal watched as the merman came closer, seeing the infected gills and human nose flare at the smell of blood. He took a piece of liver and dropped it in the water. It was immediately gobbled up.

“Jack wasn’t taking care of you, my dear. It is the reason most mer creatures such as yourself don’t last long in captivity. While you can live off fish and red meat,” Hannibal dropped each piece individually, entranced by how the merman moved to quickly consume each one. His sharp fangs glinting in the water. “Your main diet is human.”

The plate now clean, Hannibal returned to the main floor. He couldn't contain the small amount of glee when the merman followed him.

"I'll return with some more, don't worry." He placed a hand on the glass, and while the creature didn't swim away, he also didn't try to bash at the glass. "But not too much. We can't have you becoming sick now can we?"

As Hannibal had suspected, the merman made a magnificent recovery. His frail figure filled out into a more muscular build. His tail changed from a pale blue to a near navy, which made Hannibal wonder how close was the merman to death. Even his skin changed from grey to a positively brilliant white. Everything about the merman was coming along splendidly...

Except...

"Now really, you are being ridiculous." Hannibal scolded. The merman didn't move from his not so hidden spot in the kelp bed. "Come here at once. This will make you feel better."

Hannibal had tried multiple times to coax the merman out of the water to attend to his infected gills. He almost succeeded but as soon as he put the ointment to his neck the merman let out a shriek and fled to his cave. That was nearly a week ago and Hannibal was getting tired of it. He didn't want to resort to drugging the merman's food, knowing that he would probably smell it or after the first time he would refuse to eat. It would be a total waste.

"I know it hurts you," Hannibal called to him. The merman's eyes darted up to him but fled again. Another trait Hannibal had discovered. "And yes the ointment will hurt as well, but it will get better."

Still no movement. What a stubborn, willful creature!

Hannibal paused.

"Will."

The creature's eyes darted to him again, confused.

Hannibal smiled. "William. That's a nice name, and fitting for someone so stubborn."

The merman blinked in response.

"William, come here, please." When Will made no move, he added. "I won't try to touch your gills."

A few more coaxing words brought Will to the ledge, the merman hesitant as he emerged from the water. The dark brown curls clung to his head and fell over brilliant blue eyes. Hannibal wanted to brush them away but refrained.

"How about this: You let me tend to your gills and I'll give you a treat."

Will's head tilted slightly, and Hannibal knew he had captured his attention.

"Give me a week, two at most, and you'll see how much better you'll feel."

Will's head tilted the other way and his eyes narrowed slightly.

"You'll get the treat after your recovery. And," Hannibal quickly added when Will began to scowl and show his teeth. "If it does not recover by the end of the two weeks I will still give you a treat."

Will's skittish eyes darted at every point on Hannibal's face, looking for any deception. Finally, the merman nodded.

"Good." Hannibal grabbed the ointment bottle once more. Gently, he smoothed the cream over Will's gill-less neck, knowing when he submerged the ointment would still get into the gills. Will swallowed at each stroke, and Hannibal gave him encouraging words knowing he was in pain.

Finished, Hannibal pulled back with a smile. "See? Not so bad.

"Now, let's get you something to eat."

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Will was waiting for Hannibal with his arms crossed on the ledge and his tail gently swishing in the water. It gave Hannibal a thrill to see the deadly creature calm before his presence. He still had to be careful, of course. William was a top notch predator and only a fool would lower their guard. As a precaution, Hannibal kept a scalpel on his person should William decide he preferred a living meal.

“How do you feel?” Hannibal asked. It had been five days since Will allowed him to tend to his infection and everything was healing nicely.

Will smiled. Hannibal tried to get the merman to talk to him, but he had yet to hear one peep out of Will that wasn't a gasp of pain. He had heard stories of how beautiful merfolk voices were, and Hannibal suspected the infection had something to do with the merman's silence.

Hannibal lowered Will's meal--the lungs of a peculiarly rude theatre patron, and Will delicately picked at the chopped pieces. He ate in such a civilized manner. It was a pleasant surprise for Hannibal.

With his meal completed, Will pushed the plate aside and bared his neck. Hannibal smiled and began to apply the ointment. Will's neck, which had been an angry red, was dusted pink. He had been breathing easier these past days and he no longer winced when he ate his meals.

“You're a fast healer, William,” Hannibal commented as he gave the neck one final stroke. “At this rate, you might get your treat earlier than scheduled.”

William's eyes seemed to light up, his sharp teeth peeking out in his smile. Hannibal was finding himself more and more entranced.

Hannibal frowned as he watched Will swim sluggishly. He noticed the merman had become less active the last few days. Will would swim from one end of the tank to the other. The little spirit that he gained over the course of Hannibal's care seemed sapped from him. Hannibal didn't understand. He had done everything right. He had an aquarium big enough to house three merfolk comfortably, the environment was kept clean and fresh, and Will's diet was perfect. What seemed to be wrong?

Will picked up a weighted ring Hannibal had given him for simulation when he was unable to entertain the merman. He tossed it a few times before watching it sink down to the bottom. His shoulders slumped. Hannibal's mind clicked. He left Will to continue his slow, melancholic lap.

He had a phone call to make.

Will watched curiously as Hannibal directed the movers carrying a large crate. He wondered what the human was up to. Hannibal had been making modifications to his home. He added more places for Will to lounge above water should he choose too. He also added taller barriers along the top as well as a door mechanism near the stair case. It was all very odd. Will kept his distance when the workers had been there. He trusted Hannibal, but no one else. The workers seemed to prefer it that way. They kept glancing at him or keeping him within their line of site. Will had momentarily entertained the thought of leaping out and taking a tiny nibble, but he had a feeling Hannibal would find the behavior punishable. And Will really wanted his treat.

The men placed the crate where Will typically took his meals. Perhaps this was his treat? Will poked his head out of the water and took a sniff. It didn't smell like food, but it smelled familiar.

The men left, and Will edged closer to the crate. There were holes around the sides. He tried to peek in, but all he could see was darkness. He took another sniff and placed a clawed hand on the wood. The crate moved. Will flinched back; his curiosity burned. There was a muffled cry inside. It sounded like a bark.

He stared transfixed at the crate before he realized Hannibal was standing there. He moved back as Hannibal opened the crate and pulled out a tiny bundle of fur. Will gasped as Hannibal placed a harbor seal pup on the ledge. Will immediately swam up to the tiny creature and stroked its head. The pup leaned into the touch.

Hannibal observed the two slowly bond. He had heard of merfolk keeping other creatures as pets just like humans. It seemed he had made the right choice as Will nuzzled against the pup.

"I've been told he's been weaned and capable of eating fish." Hannibal said.

Will nodded, but all his attention was on the seal. The pup gave a little bark and slipped in the water. Soon the two were chasing one another in the tank. Will would take the weighted rings and toss it for the seal. Hannibal smiled as the liveliness came back to Will. He left the two to go to work and when he came back he found them nestled and curled around one another on the new sandy ledge he had built for them. It was going to be an extra mouth to feed, but Hannibal found he didn't mind. He would do anything to keep his William happy.

This is a pretty short chapter. I had most of the beginning part written years ago but I didn't know where to go with it. I'll try to make the next chapter a little longer.

Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Hannibal rarely took pictures on his phone. He preferred fine paintings and expensive art décor to fill his home. He supposed if he had family he would have pictures of them to fill his personal space, but even then he stored the more private keepsakes in his memory palace.

Hannibal watched as Will gracefully swam through his tank. He was playing hide and seek with the seal pup. Hannibal suspected Will knew where the seal was but was prolonging finding him to let the game last longer. When the merman decided to end the game, he captured the seal pup and wrapped his arms around him. A large smile encompassed Will's face as the seal pup nosed against him. It was a beautiful sight.

Hannibal put Will's meal down and took out his phone. It wouldn't hurt to take a few photos. It might prove beneficial during social gatherings. He would be the envy of all.

Hannibal snapped a photo.

"Oh, Hannibal, he's beautiful," Komeda cooed as Hannibal showed her the photos of Will. "I never would have guessed he was close to death before you took him in."

As Hannibal had guessed, Will was a success. He was currently at a dinner party hosted by Komeda. He had to give her credit; she waited at least an hour before asking about Will and demanding to see photos. Word soon spread that Hannibal had a merman. Hannibal, of course, showed off. Everyone agreed the merman was in splendid shape; his aquarium was the most extravagant they had ever seen. Hannibal enjoyed the attention.

"Magnificent," Hannibal's colleague, who had told him about Will in the first place, said. "Crawford was a fool to allow such a creature to wither under his care. How did you do it?"

Hannibal smiled as he pocketed his phone. "I feed him only the finest fish and meats."

As the party progressed, Hannibal became aware of the stares from a man from across the room. He was a newcomer to Komeda's parties, but there was already heavy gossip about him.

"You didn't hear it from me," one party goer whispered. "But I've heard ever since he's shown up people have reported items missing from their homes. They can't prove it's him, but it is suspicious."

"Better keep an eye out, Hannibal," another chimed in. "People would do anything to get a mermaid."

Hannibal was getting ready for bed when he heard a creak come from downstairs. He paused and cocked his head to the side. He listened as the sure sounds of footsteps moved below him.

Hannibal carefully made his way downstairs, making sure to avoid any step that might give away his position. He found the kitchen exactly how he had left it, his dining room, however, had an open window he knew was closed before he retired.

Hannibal stepped to close the window when he heard a new sound. A very beautiful sound.

Hannibal was able to restrain himself from gasping as he realized Will was singing. It was the first time he had ever heard his voice, and it was beautiful. Still cautious, Hannibal followed the singing to William's room. There, he found Will near the top of the tank enthralled a man who was leaning over the water.

Hannibal watched, entranced, as Will raised his hand and cupped the man's face. His song never ceased. The man, completely under Will's control, leaned into the touch.

A flash of movement, a loud splash, and the water exploded into billows of red.

Hannibal approached the tank with no hurry to his steps. The cloud of blood was too thick to see through. A pity, he thought. He would have enjoyed watching Will eviscerate the man.

He climbed to the top of the tank and waited behind the fence as the churning water settled to a slight ripple. Bits of human flesh and clothes floated to the surface. The filtering system for the tank was top notch and any traces of the unfortunate man would be long gone by the morning. Hannibal was confident in that. He waited a little longer before stepping onto the ledge.

"I see you are enjoying yourself, William," Hannibal called out to him. He still couldn't see his William, but he was confident he wouldn't attack him. "I fear your treat has been spoiled. I was going to fetch you a meal you would have found very satisfying in sinking your teeth into."

A pity, but it might have been for the best. Hannibal was finding it more and more troublesome in finding ways to get Jack Crawford for his William. It wasn't completely off the table just yet, but Will would have to be a little more patient if he wanted to receive a visit from his old owner.

"Also, I must say I'm a little upset with you. You would sing for a stranger but not me?"

The water bubbled. Will popped up from the red water. His eyes were wild and his sharp teeth bared in a fearsome smile. He trilled before coming close to the ledge. He raised his hand and held out the heart of the unfortunate thief. Hannibal smiled.

"Thank you, my dear William."

A few days passed since the incident with the intruder. Will became more affectionate. Whenever he had the chance he would rub his head against Hannibal's hand at feeding time, or he would try to involve Hannibal in the games he and the seal played. Hannibal would always oblige. He would stroke Will's head or throw a toy for the seal. Hannibal also began to release live fish in the tank for Will and the seal to chase. Hannibal noticed that while Will chased the fish down he would never eat them. He left that for the seal.

Their days fell into an easy rhythm. It was, however, disrupted by a surprise visit from Alana Bloom. She was in town only for a few days and wanted to catch up. Hannibal, of course, invited her to dinner. After dinner, he introduced her to Will.

"Oh my. He is beautiful." Alana placed her hand on the glass of the tank. Will approached, curious, before swimming away. He was still leery around strangers and preferred to keep his distance. "You did a wonderful job bring him back to health."

Hannibal thanked her and soon the two were talking. Hannibal said something that made Alana laugh, and Hannibal noticed Will returned. He watched them, a blank expression on his face.

Alana placed a hand on Hannibal's shoulder. Will frowned and his fins fluttered in agitation. Before Hannibal could do anything, Will swam in a circle and rammed the glass. Alana jumped. She had not been paying attention to the tank and was unaware what was happening. She turned just as Will swam away to a corner hidden by kelp.

"I apologize, Alana. It slipped my mind that it is William's feeding time." Hannibal lied. "He gets a little agitated when he doesn't get his meal. I fear it may stem from his time with Jack."

He ushered Alana to follow him back to the main living area. He turned back to see Will curled in on himself in the kelp bed.

"I never would have imagined you as the jealous type, William." Hannibal gently chided. "I wonder what else you've been hiding from me."

Will crossed his arms and swam to the corner furthest away from Hannibal. The seal pup followed suit.

"Come now, William, don't be like that. Jealousy doesn't become you."

Will dived underwater and hid in one of his caves.

Hannibal sighed. He left and returned again with food. He set the plate on the ledge for Will, but the merman didn't come from hiding. The seal pup came in his stead and grabbed a piece of flesh to return to the cave.

"Really, William?" Hannibal muttered. If he was going to be petty, so could Hannibal. "You know, that was rude of you to act like that in front of a guest. I'll have to find a way to make

it up to Alana. Perhaps a bouquet of flowers. Or maybe her favorite meal.”

Hannibal left the ledge. He would allow Will a moment to calm down. His step faltered when Will began to sing. He resisted, but his body was no longer listening to him. He found himself back at the ledge where Will was waiting for him. The merman sang with a sweet smile on his face. He crooked his finger, and Hannibal found himself bending closer. Will raised himself out of the water and put a hand on Hannibal’s face. Hannibal tried to force his hand to his pocket where he kept his scalpel, but his body was frozen. He leaned into the taloned hand. Will’s face grew closer and closer.

Will pulled Hannibal into the water. The cool water shocked Hannibal out of his enthrallment and he struggled to the surface. He gasped as he breached the surface. Will was in hysterics.

“You should have seen the look on your face.”

Hannibal scowled as Will swam circles around him.

“I knew you could talk,” Hannibal accused. Will shrugged a shoulder as he continued to swim around him. “And how dare you enthrall me.”

“You said you wanted to hear me sing,” Will reminded him. “Consider it payback.”

“Payback?” Hannibal asked. The seal pup joined in on the game and was now circling Hannibal with Will. “For what? Your misguided jealousy?”

“You should have known better.” Will said as he stopped to pet the seal. He cooed at him before turning his attention back to Hannibal. “It’s rude to accept a courting gift and then bring a potential love rival to their territory.”

Wait. What?

Hannibal had little time to process what Will said before the merman was crowding his space. He wrapped his arms around him, and before Hannibal knew it he was lying on the sandy ledge bed with Will on top of him.

Will nuzzled Hannibal’s throat as his talons ripped apart his clothes. Hannibal tried to protest, but Will had already begun to lave kisses on his jugular.

“You stink of her. How could you allow her to touch you after you accepted my gift?”

“I think there may be a misunderstanding.” Hannibal managed to get out before Will placed a finger against his lips.

“It doesn’t matter now. I’ve declared you mine, and no one else will have you.”

Will swiftly dove in and kissed Hannibal. He was patient. He nibbled gently on the lips he’d been dying to kiss for weeks now. It took a few more moments before Hannibal finally began to participate. Will smiled and broke the kiss. He trailed back down to Hannibal’s neck and continued his kissing. Hannibal wove his fingers in his drying hair. Will purred. He was only slightly sorry for what he was about to do.

Hannibal shouted as Will's teeth sunk into the junction between his shoulder and neck. He went to pull Will off, but the merman was already pulling away. His mouth was ruby red and dripping blood. He smiled.

"There. Now everyone will know you belong to me."

Hannibal sat up and gripped his neck. He expected to find torn flesh, but instead he found the wound was already healing and the bleeding stopped. He looked at Will, stunned. Will just blinked at him.

"You know surprisingly very little about my kind." Will sighed. He leaned in and nuzzled Hannibal's face. "But don't worry. I have confidence you will be a fast learner."

While his mind was still wrapping around what just happened, Hannibal chuckled and stroked Will's face.

"I should punish you for that. First, you ruin my clothes and then you scar me."

"Hmm. You seemed to enjoy both."

"That is up for debate, dear William."

The seal, not wanting to be left out in the snuggle fest, joined them on the sandy ledge and plopped down onto Hannibal's legs, effectively keeping him in one place.

"I'll make it up to you." Will said. He nuzzled the now healed scar on Hannibal's neck before giving it a single kiss.

Chapter End Notes

Hello everyone!

I was going to wrap this story with three chapters, but I've thought up of other ideas so I'm extending it to two more chapters.

Thank you all for reading. I truly appreciate all of your comments and kudos. May you all have a good night.

Works inspired by this one

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